The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

STORY No. 5

The Guilty Party

(From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry.)

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A RED-HAIRED, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking-chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe, and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet slippers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed daily news drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening paper, eagerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed as a chaser by the milder details of the smaller type.

In an adjoining room a woman was cooking supper.

A little girl of twelve came up timidly to the man reading and resting by the window, and said:

"Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too tired?"

The red-haired, unshaven, untidy man sitting shoeless by the window answered, with a frown:

Checkers! No, I won't. Can't a man who works hard all day have a little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk?"

The woman who was cooking came to the door.

"John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse her when you come home."

"Let her go out and play like the rest of 'em if she wants to be amused," said the red-haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me."

* * *

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to $25 I take Annie to the dance. Put up!"

The Wager.

The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and challenged. He drew out his "roll" and slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were thus "taken" more slowly produced their stake. The bartender, ex-officio stakeholder, took the money, laboriously wrapped it, recorded the bet with an inch-long pencil, and stuffed the whole into a corner of the cash register.

"And oh, what'll be done to you'll be a-plenty," said a bettor, with anticipatory glee.

"That's my lookout," said the Kid, sternly. "Fill 'em up all around, Mike."

After the round, Burke, the Kid's sponge-holder, pal, mentor and Grand Vizier, drew him out to the bootblack stand at the corner saloon, where all the official and important matters of the Small Hours Social Club were settled. As Tony polished the light tan shoes of the club's president and secretary for the fifth time that day, Burke spoke words of wisdom to his chief.

"Put that blonde out, Kid," was his advice, "or there'll be trouble. What do you want to throw down that girl of yours for? You'll never find one that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's worth a hallful of Annies."

"I'm no Annie admirer!" said the Kid, dropping a cigarette ash on his polished toe, and wiping it off on Tony's shoulder. "But I want to teach Liz a lesson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't speak to another girl Liz is all right—in some ways. She's drinking a little too much lately. And she uses language that a lady oughtn't!"

"You're Engaged, Ain't You?"

"You're engaged, ain't you?" asked Burke.

"Sure. We'll get married next year, maybe."

"I saw you make her drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was two years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Chrystie bare-headed to meet you after supper. She was a quiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing."

"She's a little spitfire, sometimes, now," said the Kid.

Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a large brown and pink plaid, well-fitting and not without style. She wore a cluster ring of huge imitation rubies and a locket that banged her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high heels and were strangers to polish. Her hat would scarcely have passed into a flour barrel.

The "Family Entrance" of the Blue Jay Cafe received her. At a table she sat and punched the button with the air of milady ringing for her carriage. The waiter came with his large chinned, low-voiced manner of respectful familiarity. Liz smoothed her silken skirt with a satisfied wriggle. She made the most of it. Here she could order and be waited upon. It was all that her world offered her of the prerogative of woman.

"Whiskey, Tommy," she said, as her sisters further uptown murmur "Champagne, James."

"Sure, Miss Lizzie. What'll the chaser be?"

"Seltzer. And say, Tommy, has the Kid been around to-day?"

"Why, no, Miss Lizzie, I haven't saw him to-day."

On the Trail.

Fluently came the "Miss Lizzie," for the Kid was known to be one who required rigid upholdment of the dignity of his fiancee.

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz, after the chaser had sputtered under her nose. "It's got to me that he says he'll take Annie Karlson to the dance. Let him. The pink-eyed white rat! I'm lookin' for 'm. You know me, Tommy. Two years me and the Kid've been engaged. Look at that ring. Five hundred, he said it cost. Let him take her to the dance. What'll I do? I'll cut his heart out. Another whiskey, Tommy."

"I wouldn't listen to no such reports, Miss Lizzie," said the waiter smoothly, from the narrow opening above his chin. "Kid Mullaly's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Seltzer on the side?"

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening a little to sentiment under the magic of the distiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on doorsteps and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take I cried all night at home, and got a lickin' for makin' a noise. And now—say, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. Me? I'll cut his heart out. Leave it to me. Another whiskey, Tommy."

A little unsteadily, but with watchful and brilliant eyes, Liz walked up the avenue. On the doorstep of a brick tenement a curly-haired child sat, puzzling over the convolutions of a tangled string. Liz flopped down beside her, with a crooked, shifting smile on her flushed face. But her eyes had grown clear and artless of a sudden.

"Let us show you how to make a cat's cradle, kid," she said, tucking her green silk skirt under her rusty shoes.

The Rivals.

And while they sat there the lights were being turned on for the dance in the hall of the Small Hours Social Club. It was the bi-monthly dance, a dress affair, in which the members took great pride and bestirred themselves huskily to further and adorn.

At 9 o'clock the President, Kid Mullaly, paced upon the floor with a lady on his arm. As the Lorely's was her hair golden.

And then, as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor, the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly in many studies and libraries.

Out from the circle of spectators in the hall leaped Fate in a green silk skirt, under the nom de guerre of "Liz." Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. Most unwomanly, she cried out one oath—the Kid's own favorite oath—and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social Club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter—made good as far as the length of her knife blade and the strength of her arm permitted.

Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying through a grove of saplings at dusk.

Tragedy!

And then followed the big city's biggest shame, its most ancient and rotten surviving canker, its pollution and disgrace, its blight and perversion, its forever infamy and guilt, fostered, unreproved and cherished, handed down from a long-ago century of the basest barbarity—the Hue and Cry.

Knowing her way, and hungry for the surcease, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pier. And then it was but a few more panting steps—and good mother East River took Liz to her bosom, soothed her muddily but quickly, and settled in five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning o' nights in thousands of pastorates and colleges.

* * *

It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes.

I thought I was in the next world. I don't know how I got there; I suppose I had been riding on the Ninth avenue elevated or taking patent medicine or trying to pull Jim Jeffries's nose, or doing some such little injudicious stunt. But, anyhow, there I was, and there was a great crowd of us outside the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and imposing court-officer angel would come outside the door and call another case.

While I was considering my own worldly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying to prove an alibi by claiming that I lived in New Jersey, the bailiff angel came to the door and sang out:

"Case No. 99,852,743."

A Strange Verdict.

Up stepped a plainclothes man—there were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and hustling us spirits around just like cops do on earth—and by the arm he dragged—whom, do you think? Why, Liz!

The court officer took her inside and closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fly-Cop and inquired about the case.

"A very sad one," says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers together. "An utterly incorrigible girl. I am Special Terrestrial Officer, the Reverend Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiance and committed suicide. She had no defense. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death."

The court officer opened the door and stepped out.

"Poor girl," said Special Terrestrial Officer, the Reverend Jones, with a tear in his eye. "It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course, she was"—

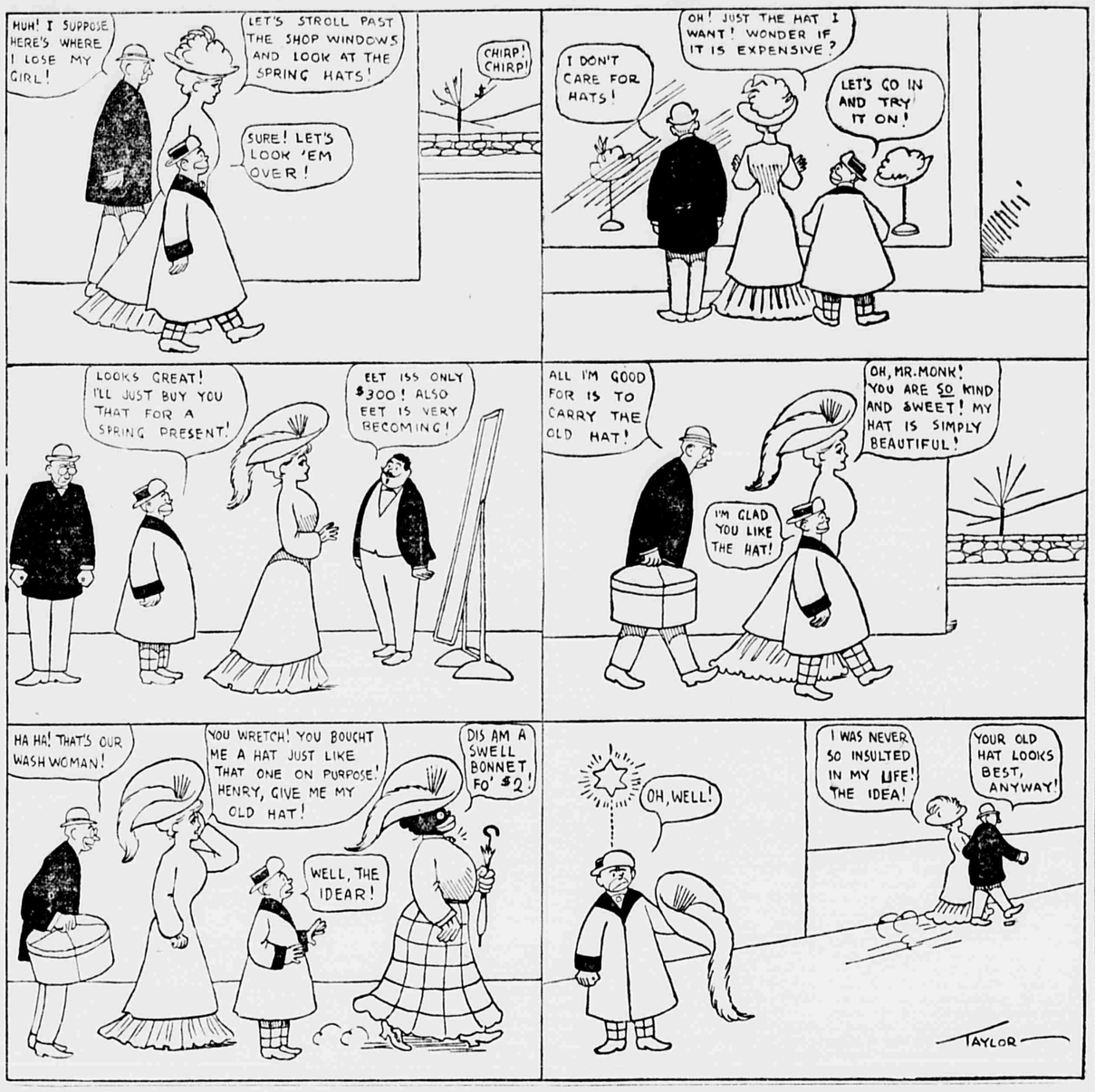
"Discharged," said the court officer.

"The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red-haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading, in his stocking feet, while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you!"

Now, wasn't that a silly dream?

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



50 Ways for Girls to Earn a Living.

This series gives complete information as to positions open to girls, the requirements, duties, pay, etc. Also how to get the positions.

By Rheta Childe Dorr.

No. 5.—Trained Nursing.

TRAINED nursing ranks as one of the most desirable of women's professions. A good nurse can always be sure of an income above $1,000 a year, and as her expenses are paid while she is working, this means an actual income of nearer $2,000.

A high school education is necessary to admission to any first-class hospital training school. Of these schools there are half a dozen or more in Manhattan, several in Brooklyn and one on Staten Island. Bellevue, St. Luke's, the New York and the Presbyterian Hospitals are the largest and best known of these. Lincoln Hospital, No. 61 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, Manhattan, trains colored girls for the profession.

Apply in person to the superintendent of the school at the chosen hospital. The first conversation with the superintendent will probably determine whether or not one's health, mental capacity, habits of life and temperament make her a fit subject for hospital training. Candidates must be at least twenty-one years of age—twenty-two in some hospitals—must furnish a physician's certificate of health and unimpeachable reference as to character.

The course of training is three years. The first six months is probationary. This is a trying period, physically and otherwise, and many candidates drop out before the end of it. Those who remain become student nurses and work hard for another six months, attending classes, lectures and clinics, and assisting the regular nurses in the wards. The next two years are spent in nursing in the wards, in private nursing and district nursing.

Students live in the training school and are usually paid a small salary, about $13 a month. They are under no expense, as a rule, except for outdoor clothing and shoes.

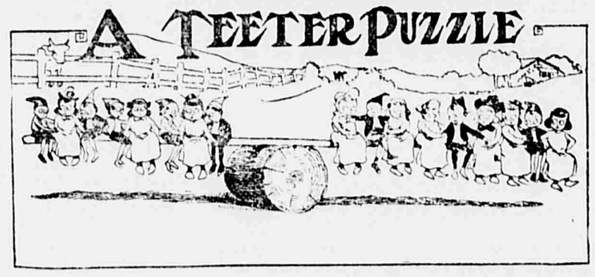
After graduation a nurse chooses her favorite line of work. She may become a private nurse, a district nurse attached to a dispensary, a settlement, the Charity Organization Society or perhaps a private charity. Every profession tends toward specialism nowadays, and many nurses go in for a single line of work, such as tuberculosis, surgery, nervous diseases, insanity or contagious diseases. These specialists often earn very large fees. Again, many nurses forego large rewards and attach themselves to the Nurses' Settlement, in Henry street, and do noble work in tenements and as school nurses under the Board of Health. During this time they live in these settlements and are paid merely nominal salaries.

A strong body, steady nerves, a clear brain and, above all, genuine enthusiasm for the work are absolutely essential requisites. The course of study is severe, the hospital discipline rigid and the work in the wards taxing to mind and body. The sight of suffering and the great responsibility called for require the strongest nerves.

The advantages of the profession are many. The field is not overcrowded and a competent nurse is sure of steady employment for nine months in the year. The other three months she must rest. Intervals of a few weeks are always taken between cases.

Lastly, among the advantages of the profession the nurse has the comfortable assurance that her work makes her a very attractive woman. Trained nurses always marry well, unless they elect to remain single.

A Teeter Puzzle

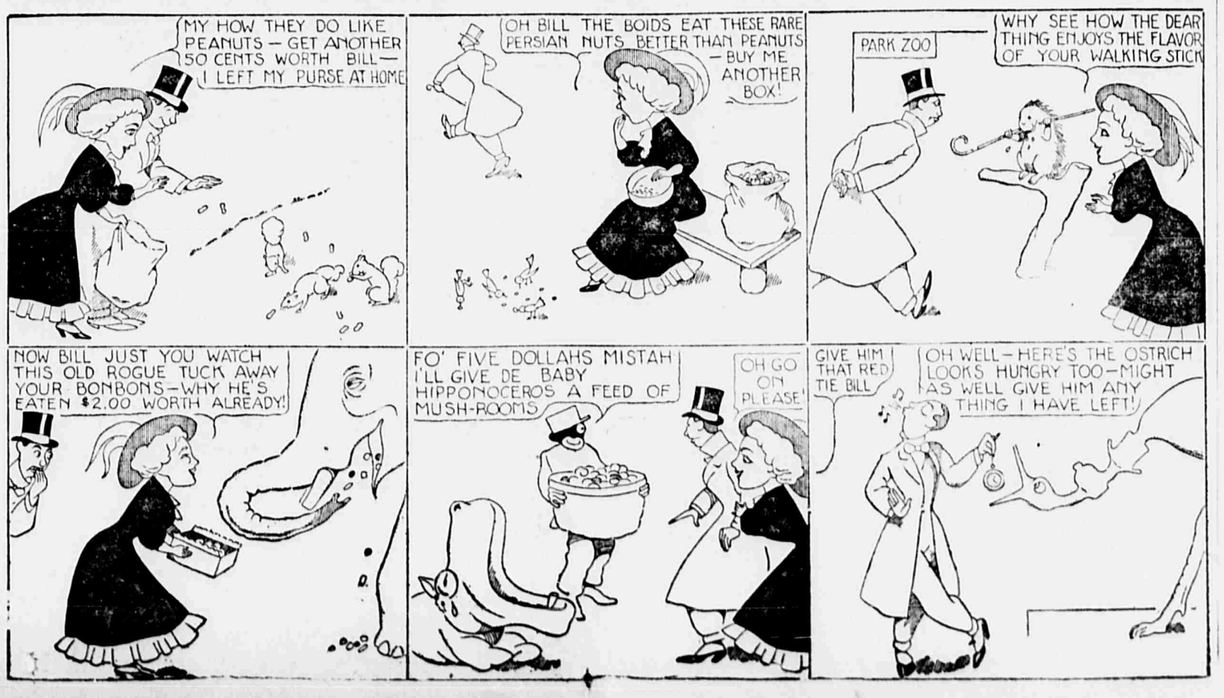


If all of these little boys were seated on one arm of the see-saw, how many girls would it require on the other end to keep the balance even?

Explosives for Motive Power.

PROF. BARUS, of Brown University, recommends as a motive power for skyships some form of high explosive, particularly those which can be worked up into wicks and ribbons. He proposes obtaining a continuity of power values from nitrogen explosives by using cold storage.

Gertie Grafte Feeds the "Zoo"=on Bill ☆ By R. E. Dorsey



New Tales of the Plains

By Buffalo Bill
(*Wm. F. Cody*)

No. 12

Queer Blizzard Adventures

IN my last story I told how I was lucky enough to guide a company of cavalry through a blizzard to safety. The spot where we camped till the storm was over was a little ravine, sheltered from the wind by a high ridge. Roaring fires kept us warm, and but for the frostbites the men would have been quite comfortable.

When the snow ceased and the wind dropped we took up the trail again, for we were still a day's march from camp. The cold was fearful, the thermometer registering 33 below zero. It was the still, intense sort of cold that plainsmen find it so hard to withstand.

The men were wrapped in their big overcoats and swathed in blankets. But, for all that, they had to dismount every few minutes to stamp circulation back into their feet and to beat their arms together and run up and down. I and some of the older troopers kept a sharp lookout to prevent any one from getting drowsy through cold. For that is the most dangerous sign of all.

The acting captain of the troop was Lieut. Bache, a first-rate chap, member of a famous Philadelphia family and a descendant of Benjamin Franklin.

Bache was a dashing, brilliant officer and a fine specimen of manhood. He was also very popular with the men.

I had gone on ahead and was cantering back to the troop to make a report to the lieutenant. He rode at the front, his head sunk forward on his breast. I spoke to him, but he didn't answer. Then I shook him by the shoulder. He paid no attention to me.

I saw at once what was the matter. He had fallen into the stupor of cold that means sure death if its victim is not quickly roused from it. I shook him harder and shouted in his ear, but he sat there dull and speechless. It was a time for heroic measures. If Lieut. Bache's life was to be saved there was just one thing to do.

I carried a heavy rawhide quirt, or riding whip. I swung it up and brought it down across his shoulders with a blow that almost cut through his heavy overcoat. Down came the lash again and again on his back and shoulders with all the power I could put into my arm.

A yell rose from the troop. Some of the younger soldiers galloped forward, drawing their guns and calling me every bad name ever invented. The thought that I, a mere scout, had dared to horsewhip their leader made them wild to kill me on the spot.

Luckily there were a sprinkling of old veteran plainsmen in the troop. These saw quickly what I was up to, and they checked the younger men's rush, and with shouts of laughter explained why I was thrashing Bache.

It was a queer sight—a scout publicly horsewhipping a lieutenant of the Regular Army, while the latter's whole command sat idly around, laughing so hard they could hardly keep to their saddles.

The pain of the blows and the noise of loud laughter cut through Bache's stupor and partly roused him. Starting up like a drunken man, he grappled weakly with me. I slipped from my horse, pulling the lieutenant to the ground along with me. Then, breaking away from him in apparent fear, I ran for my life. The angry lieutenant ran after me. This was just what I wanted.

He was stiff at first and couldn't move fast. So I ran slowly. Then as he limbered up I went faster. He chased me a solid mile along the rough trail. The whole command trailed along after us, laughing themselves sick. Oh, what a sight for an outsider to have seen!

At the end of the mile I let Bache catch up with me. We had a good, lively wrestling bout there on the snow. And that finished his cure. His numbness and chilly stupor were gone. He was perspiring and every drop of his blood was tingling. Suddenly his brain cleared and he realized what I had been doing for him.

He shook hands with me, thanked me, and then jumped on to the horse one of his men was holding for him and continued the march. The ride went on, with a very sore but wide-awake lieutenant leading a line of grinning, snickering troopers back to the fort, where they all knew the story would become the joke of the season.

Another time a command was lost in a blizzard. I was sent out just after the storm stopped to locate them. I knew they had been heading for a certain ridge. The snow would be lighter there and I might pick up the trail. I rode fifteen miles to the ridge, followed its crest five miles longer and there at last found the tracks I was seeking. I followed them up and came upon the command, snowed in, lost and starving. So hard had hunger gripped their horses that the poor beasts had taken to chewing each other's manes and tails. I guided the lost, hungry, frost-bitten crowd back to the fort. They were really not very far from it, having unconsciously travelled almost in a circle through the blind whirlwind of the blizzard.

In earlier times winter was "truce time" between whites and Indians, but Gen. Sheridan changed all that, and struck terror to the savages by hunting them remorselessly during the season when they had formerly believed themselves safe from attack.

Back numbers of this series may be obtained by sending application and one-cent stamp for each number to "Circulation Department, Evening World."

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Curling Fluid.

R. D. M.—Here is the formula requested: Dry salts of tartar (carbonate of potash), 1 dram; cochineal (powdered), 1-2 dram; liquor of ammonia, essence of rose, 1 dram each; glycerine, 1-4 ounce; rectified spirit, 1 1-2 ounces; distilled water, 18 ounces. Let the mixture digest with frequent stirring for a week, and then filter. Moisten the hair with the lotion when dressing. The effect will occur as the hair dries.

Broad Feet and Hands.

A. B.—Unfortunately, you cannot reduce the size of your frame. Wear comfortable shoes and gloves, and their size is not apt to be conspicuous, whereas tight shoes and gloves would at once attract attention to them. Always wear black gloves, if possible, and the plainest variety of shoes, without patent leather tips or other embellishment which would bring them into notice.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE Empire skirt is a pronounced favorite of the season, and this one is eminently graceful and very generally becoming. It can be made with the sides lapped over onto the front gore as illustrated or with the front gore lapped over onto the sides to give a box plait effect, and it can be made with the train or cut off to escape the floor. Also, if the Empire line is not found becoming it can be finished with a belt, but the high waist line is a marked feature of the season and altogether much to be desired. In the illustration pongee is simply stitched and finished with little buttons covered with the material.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6 3-4 yards 27, 4 1-4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

Empire Skirt Pattern—No. 5,917.

Pattern No. 5,917 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.